

The 80s 302

Chapter 302: Hot Potato

Cheng Su had really played a ruthless move. Anyone who had the dress and dared to wear it would be admitting they were the thief. Thus, they either had to hang the dress back up or stash it away forever, sighing over it without ever letting it see the light of day. Oh, outside this compound, it was still wearable, but the dress would forever mark her as a thief.

The best course of action, presumably, was to quietly sell it or gift it to someone.

Either way, it was a painful and frustrating predicament.

The bright announcement was posted on the bulletin board for all to see. The families of the compound were abuzz with gossip—after such an incident, everyone speculated about who the 'wrong receiver' could be.

Having such a person in the compound was utterly disgusting. Living together in one compound, and yet she dared to steal clothes!

Of course, there were those who were dismissive, like He Xing who already had a beef with Cheng Su, sneering, "It's just a dress, for heavens' sake. She's making a mountain out of a molehill, as if she's afraid others won't know she owns a dress."

"You're wrong there, He Xing. Look at what Cheng Su wears; isn't it always better than what any of us have? She said that dress was tailor-made for her, her own design, one of a kind," said an older sister with a chuckle.

He Xing snorted disdainfully, "Who has seen that dress? Her word is law? Anyone can boast, and she can blow it sky-high!"

"But I've seen her wear that dress!" suddenly someone claimed.

"What was it like?" the crowd turned curiously.

"Knee-length, with a stand-up collar, sleeves that came down to here, and the hem was embroidered with orchid blooms, made of genuine good-quality fabric. She looked great in it!" the sister described, gesticulating.

"Now that you mention it, I kind of remember. The back of her dress was a smidgen longer than the front; I once asked her about it, and she said it was for the sake of novelty," someone concurred.

Hearing this, He Xing's complexion turned through a mix of expressions, and she blurted out, "Was all that really necessary? She was just showing off!"

"If I had something like that to show off, I would too, but He Xing, why so bitter? Could it be that you..."

He Xing's face darkened drastically, "I haven't taken her clothes; who would covet them?"

"Who said it was you? Why the huge reaction?" the other person asked, puzzled.

"It's not likely, He Xing. Even if you did take it, you couldn't fit into it. You're shorter and heavier than Cheng Su! That dress, when she wears it, accentuates her waist and her hips, so pretty!"

"Exactly!"

With a face turning black, He Xing responded, "You all continue your meddling, I'm going home to do laundry!"

With that, she stomped toward her own staircase, leaving the people behind to continue discussing the dress. He Xing's face and ears burned with heat wave after wave.

Once home, He Xing opened her closet and rifled through a pile of clothes to pull out a neatly folded dress.

Pink with embroidered orchids; this was unmistakably Cheng Su's missing dress.

He Xing had seen Qi Taiguo hanging out clothes that night and had also seen the dress Cheng Su looked so good wearing. Compelled as if by some evil spirit, when she was gathering the clothes, and seeing no one around, she stole the dress and brought it home.

She hadn't anticipated Cheng Su making such a fuss over it.

Holding the dress against herself and pinching her flesh, He Xing knew without trying it on that she couldn't fit into it. Even if she did, she wouldn't dare wear it!

Now she was in a fine mess: she couldn't wear it, couldn't give it away—the dress had become a hot potato. Just to sneak it back in place?

He Xing thought of that announcement, which all but labeled her a thief—this was what they meant by a guilty conscience.

Fuming, she threw the dress down on the ground, wanting to step on it hard, but then she hesitated and picked it up again. She might not wear it, but perhaps she could sell it for a few bucks!